SOLUTION OF A HARD PROBLEM FOUND BY ABE CRONKITE.

Widow's Story of a Suppressed Marriage Qualm and the Deduction From It-The Fear of a Message From the Dead.

The private office of Judge Marcellus, senior member of the law firm of Marcellus & Beavers, was a commodious room simply and primly furnished. The Judge's flat desk, piled with tapetied legal files, and the Judge's high-backed swivel chair stood in the centre. A worn horsehair lounge, flanked by two chairs of aspec equally funereal at one end, faced a safe similary sustained at the other. The walls were lined with law calf, black and red labelled, while an ample bamboo screen gave privacy to a modest

washstand and mirror in the further corner. One afternoon the Judge sat in his swive chair at his flat desk in consultation with a young and beautiful client. The lady was essed in black, and as she told her story her ones frequently faltered from emotion. old lawyer listened attentively, with head on one side and finger tips joining and separating as regularly as the beat of the round-faced clock over the door, in the one mural space not occupied by books. When his visitor ceased and sat with bent head and folded hands, like martyr awaiting doom, he swung around

"I want, in the first place, my dear Mrs. Bantham, to assure you that I believe every word you say and shall do all in my power to assist rou. That is both satisfactory and conclulive, is it not? Very well, then; let us procee to make our actual position just as plain. Therefore when I recapitulate the details of your strange and tragic story you must not attribute my doing so to any possible doubt, but only o a fear of having misunderstood, natural enough in an old fellow with faculties not far removed from decay. I never want to go ahead, you know, until I'm sure I'm right, as Frank Mayo used to say in that pretty idyl of a play of his, which I was wont to go and see twenty years ago, whenever I felt that my faith in love and loyalty winning in the long run needed re

freshing. "It was, then, just two days ago when I received your letter telling me that the daughter of my old friend Silas Graeme wanted to consult with me on a matter of vital importance. Silas and I started out in the law together, and his daughter Nellie, a pretty black-eyed baby, was an especial favorite of mine, when he left me to accept the office of United States Judge in one of the Territories, which he filled with distinction to the day of his death; so, of course,

I replied, naming this hour for our meeting. 'I wont delay over your struggles after hi untimely loss had left you alone and penniless except to say that you did all that your father' daughter should and would do. Our case begins six months ago, when you were teaching school at the village of Amoka, Minn., up in the pine regions, and you there met your late husband, Ralph Bantham, Jr., who was negotiating the purchase of some gogebic ore beds recently discovered in that vicinity. You were mutually attracted: your courtship was brief; you were married; you were happy-alas, too happy! Your husband, in his provident care for your future, forwarded to his father in this

for your future, forwarded to his father in this city the certificate of your marriage and his will bequeathing all his property to you. You were making preparations to return East with him and assume your proper station in our most exclusive circles. The future seemed bright and beautiful—too bright too beautiful.

"Then came that awful day when forest fires swept the little village from the face of the earth. Your gallant husband perished in ensuring your safety. Only a few of the inhabitants survived, and they, unacquainted with you and indifferent to your fate, have scattered to the four corners of the earth, dejected, desperate, crazed by the loss of home and kindred. The clergyman who performed the ceremony, his family who withessed it, the clerk who registered the marriage, the office in which it was recorded, every one and everything that could attest your wifeoffice in which it was recorded, every one and everything that could attast your wife-hood, have been swept away." And the Judge, swinging around in his chair, looked at some papers through eyes that did not see.

"You came East," continued the Judge, when the lady had regained her composure, "to present your claims and obtain your rights, having first informed your husband's father of this terrible bereavement. For a long time you were unable to see him, his servants one day making obvious excuses and the next repelling you with insulting words. Finally.

frugal lunch of crackers and milk; in the evening at 6 o'clock he returned to his gloomy, freestone house, the one light of which was promptly extinguished at 9 o'clock. In a life thus rigidly confined where could a break occur? In a mind thus commercially enwrapped where should one look for a vagary? And yet, experience teld the detective not to despair, bringing up instance after instance, where one human weakness, jealousy, anger, hatred, a too eager greed for wealth, the love of life, the fear of death, had ruined an almost complete circle of human strength. In a nature so self-contained, so satisfied with the joys of acquisition, there seemed no room for the play of the mobler passions. His despoiling of his daughter-in-law was already a fact; hence the time when avidity might betray him was past. What then certainty of death and all the dread consequences which faith without works, without that charity which is love, makes vividiy real?

Again Aoc Cronkite recalled the picture of a feeble, heart-broken woman confronting this man in the hour of his brutal triumph and cowing him with the chance threat of what his dead son might do. Again, he pictured him alone in his shadowy home at night, away from business proccupations, unable to sleep, unaccustomed to read, haunted by the idea that perhaps she might be right, perhaps, after all, the dead might speak, the dead might return Again he remembered the many cases he had known of men, hard-headed and practical in human affairs, acute-minded, too, but itnellectually undisciplined, led astray by false deductions from phenomena not fully comprehended, by half truths insidiously revealed and becoming the prey of vulgar impostors, whose sole strength consisted of the audacity to assert and maintain a supernatural power. So he watched and waited not without hope. Saturday night came and with it the change and the chance which often reward those who thus watch and wait. At half-oast 7 Mr. Bantham came out of his gloomy, free-stone mansion and walked down the street. A THE DEFECT IN HIS ARMOR. | frugal lunch of crackers and milk: in the evening

as he proceeded down the avenue and over a cross street toward the river, until he came to an old brick building, with tall wooden col-umns in front, once a church, but now let for occasional entertainments of a decorous character. A dim light shone through the windows, and many persons were ascending the ith whom the merchant joined. The e-paused to read the poster pasted on and then, muttering "I thought so," aid the price of admission and entered, are later the crowd surged out, some ful, some argumentative, some de-Among them Mr. Bantham stiffly with the air of one relieved of care and tall points. But Abe Cronkite research.

the detective was back again office. "I've found it, sir," he on entering. Found what?" asked Judge Marcellus.

said on entering.

"Found what?" asked Judge Marcellus.

"Found the weak spot, sir," and then ensued an hour of deliberation. "They'll do it, sir," repeated Abe Cronkite, after he had gone over his plan, "and they'll do it well, for they're a slick pair. All they want is your promise of \$250 for the attempt, and \$1,000 in all if they succeed: and I do think it's worth the trial."

For answer the lawyer drew two checks to the detective's order, one for \$250, the other for \$750.

"Now," concluded Abe Cronkite, "you be there with the widow next Saturday night without fail. Arrive rather late and take rear seats on the centre aisle; and unless I'm mistaken the spirits will get a move on in sundry places and to some effect."

Saturday night came, and in the old meeting house "Prof. Renardo, the renowned medium," and "Mile. Adele, his astonishingly hypnotic assistant, were viewing through a peephole in the curtain the audience as it assembled for communication with the spirit world.

"There's the old guy, Maime," said the professor, as Mr. Bantham, wearing on his austere countenance that same expression of anticipation qualified by apprehension, passed down the centre aisle to one of the foremost seats. "There's the old guy, Maime," repeated the professor; "you might know he was an inquirer by the lift of his beak. Now, mark him well, so you wont make a bad break and salt up the wrong party."

You're a soft one, Jack," snapped back the

FLOWERS FOR CITY PEOPLE.

GARDEN OF SOME KIND WITHIN REACH OF EVERYBODY.

Things That May Be Done With Window Boxes and on Roofs-Hints for the Care of Plants -The Best Flowers for City Use-Growing Love of Flowers Here - A Cincinnati Bower The cultivation of summer flowers has never een so popular in New York as in London and on the Continent of Europe. Householders here have left that sort of thing to the florists and the Department of Public Parks;

but the increase of window boxes, balcony

gardens and roof gardens within the last few rears augurs some degree of hot-weather picturesqueness for future summers. Florists say that they have, this summer filled five times as many orders for window boxes as in any previous season; and flower raising of this expensive ready-made sort s only a very small part of the flower cuiture in the city. Hotels, restaurants and clubs order their window boxes as they do their carpets and chairs and the issue is in the hands of the florist. If he happens to be a man of artistic taste, the city owes him a debt of gratiude; but, if his effulgent fancy turns itself loose in purple petunias and scarlet salvia, as in the case of one Fifth avenue club, then

the perspiring passer-by is entitled to violent A good many individuals follow the club and hotel principles with varying results, but they know nothing of the real joy of flower raising and they are not the lucky mortals who achieve city Arcadias. The handsomest ouses of the town usually go unadorned so far as flowers are concerned, for their owners leave town as soon as warm weather shows tself; but the side streets, particularly in the uptown districts, are breaking out in bloom and the bright splashes of gay color and greenery make the brick and stone and asphalt eem a trifle less forlorn and unendurable.

The simplest fashion of cultivating city flowers in summer is to have them in the ordinary window box-a long shallow box fastened to the window ledge; but there are window boxes and window boxes, and personal taste has a rare chance to show itself in the choice and arrangement of the flowers and vines. Scarlet geraniums and scarlet salvia are the standard window-box plants. They make a brave show from the street and it is pleasant to see their dash of brilliant color, as one looks out through the window. Then, too, they are hardy, and that is a great recommendation. But there are other flowers as effective. The long boxes on the first-story window of one house facing Central Park are filled with German forget-me-nots, masses of blossom, like bits of fallen sky, backed by spray ing white alyssum, while from the edges of the boxes droop small leaved vines.

The windows of another house in the neighborhood have been bright with pansies all through the spring, since the hyacinths disappeared: but pansies dwindle with warm weather; and, in evident anticipation of a hot wave, the pansies have given way to nasturtiums, warranted to live and blossom all through the summer, if planted in sandy soil not too rich and watered discreetly. Nasturtiums, like all other flowers, will have a etter chance for long and vigorous life if the blossoms are picked before they have time to wither; and it is a good idea to prune the central runners occasionally in order

the central runners occasionally in order to make the vines branch thickly. Mignonette, verbena, balsams, lobelia, larkspur, petunias, sweet allyssum, salvia, candy-tuft, primroses and phlox are all favorite and hardy annuals for use in window gardening. They can be raised from the seed, if one is willing to take a little trouble and exercise considerable patience, and there is infinitely more satisfaction in success with flowers if the amateur feels that they are all his own, than if he has bought them in their prime. The seeds may be sown in shallow boxes or may be put in pots, for conveinent handling, and afterward transplanted. In many cases, though more particularly with larger perennial ough more particularly with larger perennia ants, the window boxes are merely filled ith potted plants, packed around with moss the lift of his beak. Now, mark him well, so you wont make a bad break and salt up the wrong party.

You're a soft one, Jack," snapped back the girl contemptuously: "there'd be twice as much in the job if you'd follow my steer and tell the old file what they're working on him. Can't you see he's as rich as mud? Why, he'd come down good rather than have the scare of his life, to say nothing of what it may lead him into doing. I believe in working both ends every time.

"Stow that, once for all," growled back the professor, "Cronkite's a Headquarters man, I tell you. I saw him there years ago, and ha'd true me in some for its supply heat most common mistake with amateur gardeners in dealing with seed plants is that they bury the seeds too deeply. The seeds should be sown in a light sandy soil and covered erry lightly with just enough earth to conceal them. The annuals should be sown about six weeks before wanted, while the permission of what it may lead him into doing. I believe in working both ends every time.

"Stow that, once for all," growled back the professor, "Cronkite's a Headquarters man, I tell you. I saw him there years ago, and ha'd true ment a first with flannels wet in warm water, in order to supply heat most common mistake with amoute around with most. The most common mistake with amoute around with most. The most common mistake with amoute around with most. The most common mistake with amoute around with most common mistake with amoute The comment of the control of the co

according to the needs of different plants, but equal parts make a good general soil, and if all four are not available, sand and either the garden or leaf mould will make a fair soil. The manure must not be used in excess.

When the amateur wants to try raising plants from his own cuttings, he must take a hard stem of, say geranium, cut to leave at least two or three joints or eyes. Set it into a wet sponge or wet moss and leave it in a cool, dark place for three or four days, or perhaps a week by that time the cutting will be ready to sprout roots. Plant it in sand, sticking it in as deep as the second eye, and, when well rooted, transplant it into ordinary soil.

roots. Plant it in sand, sticking it in as deep as the second eye, and, when well rooted, transplant it into ordinary soil.

Insects often attack the city flowers; but this seldom happens if care enough is taken in washing the plants. Cleanliness is a fairly sure preventive; but if prevention fails, a cure for the ordinary insects may be found in tobacco smoke, or in a solution of quassia wood, one ounce of wood being bolled in three pints of water. The plant must be sponged with the luke-warm solution, left fifteen minutes and then rinsed in clean water. One table-spoonful of spirits of camphor in one and one-half pints of water also makes a good wash. A window toward the south or east, of course, offers the best situation for flower growing, and it is important that flowers should have the morning sun; but floral wonders are wrought even in the dark, dingy back yards of the tenement districts. If some rich soil can be procured and substituted for the hard clay, hardy flowers and vines may grow and quite transform one of these forlorn little plots. The East Side kindergartens and children's clubs have proved this fact, and the children under capable teaching have turned dark holes choked with rubbish into veritable bowers. The example set in this way has crept into the homes and there is many a creditable window and roof and backyard garden in the slum district, started on a basis of old tomato cans, beans, sweet potato tubers and stray seeds. The scarlet bean is one of the hardiest and prettiest of climbing vines, and figures largely in uptown balcony and fence adornment, while a sweet potato tuber put in a glassful of water and kept in a warm room for two or three weeks will break out into beauty that would do credit to many a vine with a high-sounding name. The glass must be so small that the tuber will

will break out into beauty that would do credit to many a vine with a high-sounding name. The glass must be so small that the tuber wil not come within two inches of the bottom.

The downtown roofs are great places for gardens, and any one who climbs a sky scraper may look around and see a very good floral display spread out beneath him. Some of the planitors and their wives, who live on the high buildings, have developed a flower mania and one woman down near the East River had a garden last season that was well worth a visit. Roof flower gardens haven't been carried to the limit of their possibilities in the uptown quarters though a few flower lovers have made daring experiments. One man had a remarkably heautiful rose garden on his roof, but he died and so did the roses.

In Cincinnati there is one city house whose roof reconciles the owner to city summers. Flower

reconciles the owner to city summers. Flower boxes, full of brilliant geraniums, roses and see plants are set around the edge of the roof; and from them droop swaying tendrils of vine clinging to the walls and wandering down a far as the second story windows. From uprigh far as the second story windows. From upright rods at the roof corners wires are stretched along above the flowering boxes, and on them are festooned Madeira vine, canary bird vine with its brilliant yellow flowers, and flowering honeysuckle. An awning is stretched over a large part of the roof and under it are rugs, hammocks, chairs and a table, so that one may loaf and look off through waving vines and bright flowers and invite one's soul as confortably as though in Arcady. There is nothing exactly of the kind in New York, but there will be before this summer ends; for the wife of a New York artist has come back from Cincinnati with determination in her eye, and there is a mighty planting and grubbing going on on that artist's roof.

Wistaria, clematis, Japanese honeysuckle,

Wistaria, clematis, Japanese honeysuckle scarlet creeper and some varieties of climbin roses, notably the Baltimore Belle and the Prairie Queen, will grow in the tiny plots of front or back yard allowed to the average New front or back yard allowed to the average New York house, if one will give them decent soil and a little care. The many balconies on private houses and apartment houses offer another glorious opportunity for beauty. Boxes of flowers may be set along their balustrades, and from them moneywort, the hardy partridge yine with its red berries, the convolvulus, the cranberry vine or some of the numerous ivies may droop and twine around railings and posts. The climbing cobes will climb from balustrade corners up over the wall and around the windows even though the exposure be a southern one and the bricks baking hot while, if the balcony has a roof and a shady side, there are any number of flowering vines that will convert it into a thing of beauty. thing of beauty.

City flowers may be on the increase, but there's still a broad field of sesthetic possibility before them, and the children and the women must push on the good work for motives both selfish and altruistic.

A BARBER FROM PHILADELPHIA. Treatment a Customer Is Liable to Receive in a Town Called Slow.

"There's a little mole on the lower edge my lip that you may cut off if you don't look out for it," said the customer to the red-headed

"It's a good thing you spoke soon enough for there's no telling what might have happened to you if I had slashed into it. There's nothing makes me quite so mad as to cut into a mole. I'm a awful bad tempered man anyway. When teaching me to count forty every time I got mad before I said anything. I got into

the habit and it stayed by me ever since. "This morning a guy came in here and set himself down on the next chair and the man at that chair lathered him and started in to shave on him. Then the boss called him away and sent him out to shave a special customer at home and moved me over to finish the job the other man had just started. I was in a hurry because I don't like these left-over jobs and I went right at it quick. Pretty soon the

guy says to me, he says:
"By the way," he says, 'I ought to tell you he says, 'that I've got a rather prominent mole on the side of my chin right here," and he pointed out the spot. He was not paying any attention to me or he'd have noticed that I was counting thirty-one-thirty-two thirty-three, but he was not the kind that takes notice. So he says to me again, 'I thought I would tell you,' he says, 'that I have a rather large mole on my

chin.'
Thirty-nine—forty,' says I, with a bang and then I danced around in front of him and

I says. No, you aint. You're a damn hard. That's what you are. You ain't got no mole at all. I've got it right on the edge of my best razor and why in thunder couldn't you say something before?

"Well now, what do you think he did? He just croaked like a frog that's settled down in the greenest part of the pond and fell over on the side of the chair in a dead faint. Say, is that the way you New York folks do? Bed cause I come from Philadelphia and I'm not on. "This town's no good for barbering any way," he said after a pause. The not saying much for Philadelphia but any way there you have a chance to do a little graft there in the hotels. Graft? This is graft: The boss sends me upstairs to cut the hair of the child of a lone widow what's feeling too bad to leave her room and wont let the boy go out alone to get his hair cut. Well, I cut his hair, and she says how much? Three dollars, says I, never winking. Of course she don't know any better and she's feeling so bad she don't care—those are all things a man has to size up for himself of the history of the says how much? Three dollars, says I, never winking. Of course she don't know any better that he goes downstairs and pays the boss a dollar and gets his percentage out and pockets the other two and that's \$2 graft. There's graft to be done right in the shop on drunks and on Rubes who have come into the place for the first that head of hair on to save your life or your say the way that add that on to save your life or your say the way that add the property of the shears out, and you'd say to him. I don't want my hair cut, you know, and he'd have the head of hair on to save your life or your as shave, and the first thing you'd know he'd have the add of hair on to save your life or your as shave, and the first thing you'd know he'd have the down fresh bottles of bay rum and you'd a dream and sees and purson on the street.

"But for real graft there is nothing like the pushing off opatent groups of the neck and begins to throw them onto your face and hair. You say

Predecessors of the Boxers as Instrumental

Destinies of the Empire-The Natural Outgrowth of the Form of Government. The Chinese Empire furnishes an excellent llustration of Herbert Spencer's dictum that an autocratic Government fosters secret societies. In a popular Government, where the national policy is shaped by public opinion, freedom of speech deprives the secret society of its very reason for being and where citizens of a republic form a secret association it must be from the pure love of secrecy. But in a Government where the power of life and death and the pursuit of happiness is in the hands of one, and where opposition or even remonstrance is deemed treason, those who desire to effect re form or achieve revenge must resort to secreca until the strength of numbers gives some assurance of safety and success.

The Government of China is paternal, but not of necessity despotic, the theory being that it is the pleasure of the Emperor to care for his people as a father for his children, and that he will give patient heed to all complaints from his subjects, which, according to the Emperor Wouti of the Han dynasty, is one of the most valuable sources of a sovereign's information But Chinese theory and practice are widely separated. The officers with whom the people really come in contact have generally, in spite of the civil service examinations, bought their way to place like the Roman pro-consul, and. like Cæsar, have three fortunes to make before they return from their Government; and as their tenure of power is extremely insecure these farmers of the public revenue make all the hay they can while the sun continues to shine. The imperial Government is paternal, but the rule of the mandarins is rather that of a stepfather. And so from the earliest times China has been, as it is now, honeycombed by secret societies. Indeed, popular plottings in secret serve the same purpose in China as does the ballot box in our own country; they answer the people's will in framing the national policy and changing the national head. Not that such societies are always revolutionary or even political, for they are often social or religious and yet, like the Society for Gazing on the Moon. than which nothing could appear more innocu ous, organizations originally social are sometimes used to accomplish the most momentous political revolutions.

The first of these associations of which w have record is the "Crimson Evebrows." Immediately before the beginning of the Christian era the great Han dynasty which had ruled China for 200 years, and was to rule for 200 more, was temporarily under a cloud, formed by a too powerful Minister named Wang Mang, who made and deposed Emperors at his will and permitted each monarch to retain the crown only so long as it served the ambition of the Minister; until having by long practice become proficient in the art of creating Sons of Heaven, brought forth his masterpiece, A. D. 6, by himself assuming the purple, or more accu rately the yellow. In no country has loyalty to a fallen house been shown more devotedly than in China in the many dynastic changes which have occurred during her history of 5,000 years.

sides, but was able to do so successfully, and executions followed his victorious arms until t seemed that to oppose the usurper was to court death. Here was a legitimate opportunity for the Chinaman's genius for conspiracy. Fan Chong, an adherent of the Hans, organized a band in the Province of Shantung which quickly grew into an army, said to number 200,000 men. Each member of the band had his eyebrows painted crimson to signify that

he dedicated the last drop of his blood to the collegation of officive without doubt, this symmotoria and the state of the conquest. The source flexible man, which determined the issue of the conquest. The source flexible man, and drought inspiration to the forces of Han, and brought inspiration to the forces of Han, and brought inspiration to the forces of Han, and the country to the miscovernment of its Emperors, who have too often resigned all power into the hands of Ministers or the Empress. Lingti (A. D. 168-160) of the Handler of the Country to the miscovernment of the sociation of the "Yellow Bonnets," who incited a revoil, but the head dress of imperial Yellow did not command the success which had strended the Dragon's Crimson Eye, and after a revoil, but the head dress of imperial Yellow Sciencesis.

In 1279, after a desperate struggle of nearly half a century, thing passed under the rule of the Mongols, and Kubhai skahn, the successor of the Mongols, and Kubhai skahn, the successor of the Mongols, and Kubhai skahn, the successor of the Mongols, and consent unwilling stitutes, and after a rule of ninety years the foreigners were driven back across the northern border whence they had come. Strange to say, the leader of the patriots was a Buddhist monk, and the hands of the patriots was a Buddhist monk, and the happy result was the Society for Gazing the force of the f

PARTS THEY HAVE TAKEN IN ALL
HER REVOLUTIONS.

Their motto was:

thronement of the Ta'ings, but the members was drawn mainly from the dregs of social and their practical activity lay largely along the line of burglary, robbery and murder, and in the vicissitudes of their dangerous calling the were faithful to each other and to their oat.

Their motto was:

as They Promise to Be in Shaping the

The blessing reciprocally share.

The woe reciprocally bear.

The impressive coremonies attending their initiation were conducive to fidelity. In the dead of night the novice was brought before the assembly, often gathered in the depths of a forest, and as a preliminary ceremony was obliged to prick his finger with a silver needle, allowing the blood to drip into a bowl of wine, which he then drank. The written oath, consisting of twenty-six parts, was next read to him, and after he had sworn the oath was burned as an offering to the gods, who were supposed to visit the renegade with terrible vengeance. The novice was then made to "cross the bridge," which consisted in his standing underneath two naked swords held over his head by two brothers, while the presiding officer or elder brother heard him reaffirm his allegiance. The new member then wrung off a cock's head, saving:

"Thus may I perish if the secret I divulge."

Although the Chinese are noted for their untruthfulness few have broken this oath. The penalty for treachery was, of course, death, inflicted by one or more members chosen for the mission, as is the custom with the Russian Nihilists. Like the Freemasons, the brethren were able to make themselves known to each other by secret signs and passwords, and could thus communicate among a crowd without exciting suspicion. One of their signs was the picking up an object with three fingers, signifying the "three united" of the Triads. Peaceful and timid subjects were forced to ioin by means of letters threatening death as the penalty for refusal, and travellers were often kidnapped on the highway and initiated out of hand.

The Triads are no more, and this present.

The Triads are no more, and this present breed of Boxers seems to be entirely different in origin and purpose.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

Views of an American Who Has Lived Long

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Lowry, who is an Amer ican, and President of the Pekin University believes that the dismemberment of China i not yet at hand despite the steps for the repression of the Chinese which have had to be taken on account of the outrages committed by the Boxers against the missionaries. Dr Lowry has just arrived in this country on vacation. He has spent the greater part of his life in China. He went there thirty-three years ago. His belief that China will not b dismembered is not simply the result of his own observations; it is quite in accord with the views of practically all the foreign Ambassa dors and Ministers there, he says.

"Just before leaving China," said Dr. Lowry "I had a talk with the American Minister to China, Edwin H. Conger. He told me that the representatives of the Powers had considered the matter in all its various phases and had reached the conclusion that a partition of China would be most undesirable, for it could not be done without the inevitable and long expected general war. You see, every nation is anxious to obtain the yolk of the egg. Every nation wants to obtain more than its competitors Russia, which is the strongest power in the East to-day, is said to be behind the sudden reactionary movement, and I believe this to be true. At the same time, Russia can do nothing, even with the aid of France, so long as America, Great Britain and Japan act together."

"Has Russia obtained so strong a n northern China as alleged?" "Yes. She has anticipated and forestalled

all other nations, especially Japan, which has irretrievably lost its opportunity to become the ruling power of the Far East. Had Japan struck the necessary blow at Russia last year. and had she won, she would have been in a position to dictate to all the world, so far as China is concerned.

"The Chinese are essentially a commercial and agricultural race. The general concep-tion that they are all akin to the laundryman so common in our country is absurd. China has a high civilization, with a fine literature, and while Chinese methods may seem antiquated and ridiculous from our viewpoint, yet there is much to be said in favor of the Confucian civilization. For instance, there is not one line in all the Chinese sacred books, upon which Chinese civilization rests and which prescribe etiquette and morals, which could not be read aloud before children. This is more than can be said of the sacred books of some other nationalities and races. But to return to the individual Chinese, He is not dense, on the contrary, he is an intellectual marvel in many respects. The greatest Occidental diplomats are helpless when face to face with the diplomats of China. A Chinese diplomat will sit opposite to you and will lie most palpably and openly, and yet, knowing that every word he has uttered is a lie, you can do nothing. That is why diplomacy moves so slowly in Pekin. so common in our country is absurd. China

is why diplomacy moves so slowly in Pekin.

Time and again the foreign representatives in Pekin have thought they had the Chinese Government correct, without a loophole for escape. Nevertheless, when the crucial moment has arrived. Chinese diplomacy has enabled the Government to turn a mental somerauli and to wingie out of any and all promises middle the Government to turn a mental somerauli and to wingie out of any and all promises middle by our standards?

"Then Chinese morality is not very high, judged by our standards?"

"On the contrary, China is the most moral nation in the world, taken as a nation. Of course there are individuals in every nation that disgrace themselves and their race. It is so with China; but, on the whole, the Chinese are exceptionally moral. Sexual laxity is held in far greater abhorence in China than in any Occidental land, and reverence for parents is far more general there than here or in Europe, as all the world knows.

Beas on opposed to foreigners?"

"There has been a somewhat natural reaction. After the war of 1880 the nations made a great mistake in admitting China into the comity of nations as a civilized Power. They should have taken charge of the Empire instead, and a period of at least a hundred years should have been devoted to its reform. That precaution was neglected and the nations are now reaping the consequence. China as a nation is wondrously and terribly conceited. This must always be borne in middle when Chinese matters are considered. Most serious international complexities there have enough to dispense with foreigners, and unpleusant incidents of all sorts ensue.

"The mistake of 1890 might have been remedied in 1895, just after the Japanese war. Then Japan should have assumed the responsibility of modernizing China, but Russia interfered, and as a result, China having recovered from her himiliation, is again endeavoring to throw off all foreign influence.

"Could not the proressive Li Hung Chang have intervened at this time?"

The wind the server of the seven t

One of the latest novelties on the upper West

Side is that of a man, who, besides running a saloon and dance hall, has put up an ice cream and soda water stand in the rear of the saloon for the accommodation of the temperate young women who ratronize the dance hall. He has only been selling the ice cream soda about a week, and since then he has taken considerable trade from the confectionery stores in the neighborhood.

HINTS OF BOXER UPRISING.

THEY ARE NOW RECALLED WHEN THEIR WARNING IS TOO LATE.

Last Month the Scope and Purpose of the Marauders Was Made Public Through an English Paper of Shanghai—The Dowager Empress's Complicity in the Movement, SAN FRANCISCO, June 15. Since the Boxer troubles in China have reached an acute stage is recalled by those who read the leading English papers printed in China that some significant hints of this anti-foreign movement were recently given. Perhaps the plainest intimations were furnished by a native correspondent of the North China Daily News, an English paper published at Shanghal, which is noted for giving the best summary of news from all the treaty ports. In a recent issue it contained a long, rambling communication

from a native correspondent in which the im-

portant feature was a solemn warning to for-

eigners to be prepared for a great scheme to

drive out all the whites in China and to regain

the land occupied by them, either by concession

or lease

Put in compact form this warning was to the following effect: The enmity of the leading Manchus toward all foreigners has been growing for years, and it has now reached such a point that a great secret scheme has been formed to dispossess all foreigners, except perhaps the Russians and to seize the lands they now occupy. Among the leaders of this movement are the Empress Dowager. Prince Tuan, father of the Heir Apparent; Prince Ching, Kang Yi, Chao Shu-Ch'iao and Li Ping-Leng. To accomplish this purpurpose an army, composed exclusively of Manchu soldiers, has been gathered. The Pekin field force, numbering 50,000 men, is to be in charge of Prince Ching; the Husberg Corps, known by the formidable title of the "Glorified Tigers," which is 10,000 strong, will be commanded by Prince Tuan; and the banner corps of the army, numbering 12,000 men, will be under Kang Yi and others. This force of 72,000 men, well armed and equipped, is to form the nucleus of the "Army of Avengers," while the Boxers are to be regarded as guerrilla auxiliaries who will raid detached missions and overawe the populace in districts which are

friendly to foreigners. The answers of the Chinese to the warnings about the spread of Boxers by Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, were all insincera. This correspondent, writing early last month,

donald, the British Minister, were all insincera. This correspondent, writing early last month, says that all the leading Chinese in Pekin and Tien-Tsin had known for months of this scheme to expel the foreigners by aid of the Boxers. Nothing was printed in regard to the matter, but by that wonderful means of communication by word of mouth which prevails in China as in India, the intelligence was carried to all parts of the great Empire. Only in a few rlaces were any intimations given to foreigners and those who were warned treated the stories as canards and laughed at their Chinese friends for placing any credence in such absurd reports. Meanwhile the agents of the Boxers were everywhere—in Shantung and Chihli and even in the Imperial Prefecture of Shuntien, which is the official title of Pekin. Manchuria has long been the seat of this society, and from it came the first notes of the disturbance which has now involved the whole of North China and promises to overthrow Empire.

The apologists for the Empress Dowager claim that she has done nothing to stimulate the Boxer outrages, and that the Government has done all in its power to suppress the pernicious activity of the anti-foreign society. Some idea of her real sentiments may be gathered from the report of an interview which wang, a censor and a native of Chihli, recently had with her. The subject of the Boxers came up and she turned to the censor and said: "You are a native of this province and ought to know. What do you think that when the time comes for action they will really join the troops in fighting the 'foreign devils?" The censor replied: "Your Majesty. I am certain of it. Moreover, the tenets taught the members of the society are: 'Protect to the death the heavenly dynasty (Tien Chao) and death to the devils' (Kuci-tze). For my part, so deeply do I believe in the destiny of the society to crush the foreign devils that all my family are now practising the incantations of the Boxers. All I wish is the power to lead the Boxers in the wan of the aveng

Ave, it is a grand society, but I am afraid that the Boxers will act rashly and get the Government into trouble with the Yash Nect-tree before everything is ready. The Boxers nectagood leaders in Chihi and Shabiung to guide and restrain them."

This ended the audience, but the force of the censor's words may be estimated, as next day a decree was issued, naming Wang Governor of Pekin. He was lifted from the postof subprefect to that of a provincial judgeship, a great metropolitan office of the fourth grade. The correspondent adds that note should be taken of the use of the term. Yang Kuci-tze or "foreign devils," by the Empress Dowager. This expression has been prohibited since the Tien-Tsin massacre of 1870, and any one heard using it has been severely punished. Yet the Empress uses it in ordinary audiences with officials.

The same correspondent gives a version of a recent session of the Grand Council, in which the anti-British and generally anti-foreign sentiment of the Tsing-li-Yamen was apparent. Jung Lu made a speech in which he advised the Government to seek an alliance with Great Britain, as in that case it would also receive the support of the United States and Japan. This angered Kung Yi, Prince Ching, Prince Tuan and others. Kung Yi voiced the sentiments of his colleagues when he said: "We have scores to settle with Great Britain for the sack of the Yuen-Ming-Yuen palace: with Japan for the seizure of Formosa and with the United States for treating the Chinese who go there and to the Philippines no better than dogs, Against France, we will only be so much the stronger. I decide for keeping in the closest friendship with Russia, for with her by us we can defy the world. With Russia alone ready to help us, Great Britain will cower into the background." These declarations were applauded, and as the Empress Dowager expressed pleasure, Yung Lu was silenced.

DEATH OF SAMORY.

Man Who Once Lorded It Over 500,000 People in West Africa.

The Emir Samory, who has cut a larger figure in the affairs of West Africa for the past twenty years than any other native, has just died. a prisoner in the hands of the French at Libreville, in the Gaboon region. His prestige and power had been waning for some years. About wo years ago the French caught their old enemy near the northern border of Dahomey, carried him to the coast and kept him under guard, so that he might do no more mischief, They were very happy over the downfall of Samory, who had given them more trouble for many years than all the other native potentate in West Africa together.
Samory was a slave when he was a little boy.

The chief who owned him gave him as a ransom to another chief, for a woman who had been to another chief, for a woman who had been taken captive. Samory's new owner was an important personage in West Africa, the Marabout Sory Idrahina, and as his little slave grew up he attracted much attention from the Marabout and from everybody else in the country who had anything to do with native politics; for Samory became a young man of great intelligence, courage and talent for intrigue. He was so bright that the Marabout made him his chief adviser. Samory always looked out for No. 1 in a very keen and able manner. One day he thought he saw a chance to better his fortunes, and so he deserted his old master and joined forces with a more powerful chief. It was a sorry bargain for the latter, for in a few years Samory turned against him, defeated him in battle and took the whole country into his own keeping. He was now a Prince on his individual account with a throne of his own, and he began to enlarge the borders of his dominion. Samory's career of conquest was brilliantly triumphant. He compelled one petty chief or kinglet after another to beg pardon for the resistance they offered and proclaim themselves the vassal of the great Samory. He set out to conquer about 160 little States in the interior of West Africa and carried out the job with great thoroughness. By the time he got through he was the absolute master of 500,000 people in the western Soudan and lorded it over a country east of Liberia and Sierra Leone that is larger than most of the States of Europe.

But Samory was not satisfied with the empire he had carved out for himself. He wished to be master of the whole western Soudan, and on account of this ambitton he got into hot water with the French. He would push into the territory they claimed on the upper Niger, and they would drive him back. Then the French would push up the Niger into Samory's realm, and he defeated many a French espedition: for it was long before the French sent a party against the powerful native that was adequate to cope with him. It was not till 1801 that they finally dealt taken captive. Samory's new owner was an im-